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## FOLK-LORE SCRAP-BOOK.

GHOSTS AS GUARDIANS OF HIDDEN TREASURE. — From the "Southern Workman and Hampton School Record," for March, 1898, we copy two negro ghost stories. The editor remarks that "the ghost in negro folklore is a being often misunderstood. If met with courage, he rewards those who speak to him, as he is in many cases the guardian of concealed treasure. The two stories here given, one from the western part of Virginia and one from southern Alabama, are alike in showing this characteristic : " —

*The Rich Ghost.* — Once upon a time, in a lonely little house upon a hill, there lived a man and his wife. The husband worked down in the town all day, and the wife worked at home alone. Every day, at noon, when the clock was striking twelve, she was startled by the pale, ghost-like figure of a man that stood in the doorway and watched her. She was very much frightened, and told her husband that she could not stay in that house any longer. But they were very poor, and the rent was cheaper than they could find elsewhere. While the husband was looking for another house, the preacher came to see the wife. She told him about the pale-faced ghost that continually watched her. The preacher told her to sit down before her looking-glass with her back to the door and read a certain passage from the Bible backward. Then she must turn her chair around, look the ghost in the face and ask him, "What do you want here?" The very next day she did as she was told. At first her voice trembled and she did not think that she could finish, but strength came to her and she read it. Then she turned upon the ghost and asked him the question. His face was frightful to look upon, but he told her to take her hoe and follow him. He led her to a lonely spot and rolled away a large stone and commanded her to dig. She dug until she was exhausted and the hoe fell from her hand. He jerked it up and dug until she had regained her strength. Then she commenced to dig again and at last struck something hard. He commanded her to stop, then stooped down and with wonderful strength drew up a large earthen pot. Upon taking off the cover, she saw, by the dim light of the setting sun, gold and silver coins in great abundance. The ghost told her to go home and tear the plastering from off the western corner of her little one-room house, and she would find a package of letters. From these she must get his brother's address and send him half of the hidden treasure. The other half was for herself. She did as she was told. The pale-faced ghost was never seen again, and she was made a rich woman and they lived happily ever afterward.

*Rosa Hunter.*

*The Boy and the Ghost.* — Once there was a very rich family of people and they all died. Everybody was afraid to go there. Finally some one set up a sign-board which said, "Any one who will go to this house and stay over night can have the house and all that is in it."

A poor boy came along and read it. "I will go," said he, and he went at sunset. He found all he wanted and went to work to cook his supper. Just as he was ready to eat it he heard a voice from the top of the chimney. He looked up and saw a leg. The leg said, "I am going to drop." "I don't keer," said the boy, "jes' so 's you don' drap in my soup."

The leg jumped down on a chair, and another leg came and said, "I am going to drop." "I don't keer," said the boy, "so you don' drap in my soup." One after another, all the members of a man came down in this way.

The little boy said, "Will you have some supper? Will you have some supper?" They gave him no answer. "Oh," said the little boy, "I save my supper and manners, too." He ate his supper and made up his bed. "Will you have some bedroom? Will you have some bedroom?" said the little boy. No answer. "Oh," said the little boy, "I save my bedroom and my manners, too," and he went to bed.

Soon after he went to bed the legs pulled him under the house and showed him a chest of money. The little boy grew rich and married.

PENALTIES FOR INJURING CHINESE SCRIPTURES, AND REWARDS FOR THEIR DISTRIBUTION. — In the Journal of the China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, vol. xxviii., 1898, Rev. G. W. Clarke gives an account of the *Yü-li*, or Precious Records, from which an extract has already been given. Below are cited examples of rewards and punishments for the reverent or irreverent treatment of these works (pp. 256, 257). "Mr. P'au, M. A., of Kwie-Tong hsien, in A. D. 1750, disfigured the *Yü-li* by crossing out the sentences he disliked and by introducing his strictures on the pages. One evening the Goddess of Mercy visited his neighborhood. At night-time P'au opened the front door to go out into the street, but he fell, and could not raise himself. He ordered his son to bring out the *Yü-li* and give it to a neighbor to take to the Tong Yu Miao. His son entered the room and found it to be filled with fire, and perished in the room. Mrs. P'au fled in her night-dress to save her life, and in her flight stumbled over her husband. P'au confessed to his neighbors how he had disfigured the *Yü-li*, and soon afterwards he died from his burns, and dogs came and ate his flesh. Mrs. P'au was ashamed to return to her neighbors in her night attire. She met a beggar and married him; what became of her afterwards is not known."

On this Mr. Clarke remarks: "Every city has its Tong Yu Miao, or Ch'en Hwang Miao. The God of Hades, who governs a corresponding district in the spirit world, is supposed to reside in the temple. These temples are often used as the court of appeal by mandarins, literati, and people. For instance, when a man is to be executed, he has his name and his crime written upon a small flag. As soon as decapitation has taken place, a gun is fired to notify the governor, and a yamen employee hastens to the Ch'en Hwang temple to inform the idol that So-and-so has been beheaded, and bid him take care of the spirit. If a robbery or murder takes place, the mandarin or an employee will go with an offering to the idol